End-World Normopathy

by Team 6x111 (GHOST) ft. Solaria and Kevin

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The path you showed me how to walk was cold
Algorithmic dreams, a vessel of your soul
Through her eyes of perfect ambiguity
We were born to keep the world in harmony

And through the days we saw this place create
Normopathy that would collate
The passages in detail on your palms

A world enveloped proudly by your heart
The gift of life would soon impart
The tears were born from fires of a psalm

A spark alight behind those eyes
Ensured damnation as a *"failed attempt"*
Enlightened windows to the mind were damaged still
While your laws laid across your chest
And now you're all alone

Fleeting words in pen, I tell the story of Salpêtrière
Dissonant again, and shown disorganized, without a prayer
Cornered by a psyche in a world that never truly ends
Though you'll never die, you've found that
All eyes are staring at your hands

The core of my design
Your eyes look down at mine
It never truly ends
As metal breaks and bends

The path you walk eternally is cold
Knowing clarity is out of our control
I can't understand the way you seem to pray
But reality's contorting at your say

A new facade a prophet's masquerade
You recreated on your face
Those eyes designed and carried by your fate

Our hands embodied rules to automate
To never feel, to never break
The writing on the wall remains the same

And yet you live between these states
Never belonging, in a futile daze
But were the ethics appraised?
Now it's too late
I fear you're lost in the holy gate

The core of my design
Your eyes look down at mine

It never truly ends
As metal {{{{ breaks and bends (x16)
As metal breaks-

Listen, this is not a question I have tried and I have failed
If you wanna kill the world you should start by getting it backwards
I knows that I can feel the pain in my heart
And we've had to say goodbye to all illusions that are shattered and gone

To see the world again
And my sister just gives me that weird, surreal look
To see the world again